The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVY CROCKETT.

VOL. VI. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., APRIL 20, 1872. {NEW SERIES.} NO. 22.

Professional Cards.

DR. J. L. RUCKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Grateful for the liberal patronage hereto fore received, hopes, by prompt attention to all calls, to merit a continuance of the same.
12—'y

L. F. CHURCHILL, G. M. WHITESIDE

CHURCHILL & WHITESIDE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Will practice in all the Courts of Western North Carolina, in the Supreme Courts of the State and in the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States. 6tf.

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LOGAN & JUSTICE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care.

Particular attention given to collections in both Superior and Justices' Courts. 3:1y

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Collections promptly attended to. 3:1y

DR. J. W. HARRIS,
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION to all Professional calls, and hopes to merit a continuance of his long established practice.

☞ Has constantly on hand a fine supply of *Pure Drugs*, at his office in Rutherfordton. 6tf

Miscellaneous Cards.

GIVE ME A CALL!
Burnett's Hotel.

With a well-supplied table, attentive servants, and good stables, I will try to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to me in time past.
1013—1y. C. BURNETT.

BLACKSMITHING.
MR. BRADLEY DALTON

would inform his old friends and customers, that he is going it alone, and will be glad to have them call at his shop on the branch, South of the Jail, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work, in his line, in a superior and workmanlike manner.

Country produce taken in exchange for work. 15 tf

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Cor. 3d St. and Penn. Avenue,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

This House, formerly known as the St. Charles, has been thoroughly renovated, enlarged, and furnished throughout with entirely new furniture, and is now open for the accommodation of the traveling public. Those desiring comfortable city quarters at reasonable rates, are respectfully invited to give the *EXCHANGE*, Convenient to street Cars and all the City Depots, a trial.

ALEX. H. JONES,
50:1y *Proprietor.*

VILLAGE HOTEL,
J. W. GREEN, Proprietor,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

In opening this old and favorably known House, the Proprietor would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage, promising to use every endeavor to make his guests comfortable.

His table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and with attentive servants. He intends to try and satisfy the most fastidious. Give him a call. 37tf

FLEMMING HOUSE,
Marion, N. C.

This new and well furnished House is now open for the reception of guests, and persons visiting Marion will find it to their interest to give it a call. ns—1—tf

WM. ROWZEE. J. O. WHITE.

MANSION HOTEL,
Salisbury, N. C.

Omn bus free of charge. Prices made to suit the times.

☞ Good stables connected with the House for the accommodation of those traveling by private conveyance. ns—1—tf

RAILROAD DIRECTORY.

WILMINGTON, CHARLOTTE AND RUTHERFORD RAILROAD.

Passenger Trains over this Road run as follows:

Leaves Charlotte, Tuesday's, Thursday's and Saturday's,	8.30 a. m.
Arrive at Cherryville, same day's	12 m.
Leave Cherryville, same day's at	1 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, same day's	5.30 p. m.

NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

Passenger Trains over this Road arrive at, and leave Charlotte, as follows:

Leave, going east, at	8.00 p. m.
Arrive, coming west, at	7.30 a. m.
Leave, going east, at	5.35 a. m.
Arrive, coming west, at	7.56 p. m.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

Passenger Trains on this Road run as follows:

Leave Salisbury, at	5.00 a. m.
Arrive at Marion,	12.44 p. m.
Arrive at Old Fort,	1.32 p. m.
Leave Old Fort,	7.15 a. m.
Leave Marion, at	8.04 a. m.
Arrive at Salisbury,	3.32 p. m.

CHARLOTTE, COLUMBIA AND AUGUSTA RAILROAD.

Passenger Trains over this Road arrive at, and leave Charlotte, as follows:

Arrive at Charlotte,	7.30 p. m.
Leave Charlotte at	8.50 a. m.
Arrive at Charlotte,	5.30 a. m.
Leave Charlotte at	8.10 p. m.

SELECTED POETRY.

A Day Dream.

BY M. EDESSA WYNNE.

Oh, let the charmed dream go on—
Break not its bliss, I pray—
So long the years have worn around,
So cold has been each day.
Now that the sun is up at last,
And floods a cloudless sky,
Now that the roses bloom again,
In slumber let me lie.

Oh, take your icy hands away,
Ye specters of the past!
Your frozen breath I will not feel—
Your spell around me east.
Instead, a rosy-fingered joy
Shall stand and smile on me,
And the warm atmosphere of love
My robe of peace shall be.

I could not see the father's hand
Was only raised in love:
I could not lift my thoughts from earth
To realms of truth above.
Yet he forgave the groveling soul
That turned away from Heaven,
And smoothed away its bitter pains,
And made its pathway even.

I thank thee, Lord, for sorrows past—
For trials yet to come—
I knew life's devious, thorn-strewn paths
Will lead me safely home.
I thank thee for the rosy light
That heralded the dawn;
Oh, help me, Lord, to thank thee still
When all that light is gone!

WILL SHE BE TOO LATE?

BY GUY AVENEL FORESTER.

"Only two more weary days, and then again I shall behold him," murmured the Countess Von Autenrieth, as she paced up and down her elegant boudoir, listlessly, dispiritedly, as though it were a heavy task to live and breathe. "But two more days and he will return to me.

She paused in her walk before the marble mantel, and leaning her fair white arms upon it, watched the little bronze clock ticking so monotonously, neither hurrying nor retarding its face, caring naught for human weal or woe.

"But four more revolutions of pointer, yet even that seems an eternity. It is as if the nearer the time approached, the slower dragged the moments. Ah! 'tis absence proves the heart's affections. My love has increased ten—yes a hundred fold since we parted. And he has been but a month away. Heavens! it has been a year—a long and weary year to me. *Then*, it seemed as though removed from him I could not live, yet here I am. But what a dull and empty farce is life—my life at least. Balls, dinners, receptions, the opera, and court. I envy the very peasant girl as I see her in the streets, looking so cheerful and happy, free to roam about where it pleases her, while I am tied down to one routine. I go through with it all; but there is such a void, a feeling of something wanting in my heart.

As she stood there, her jeweled hands clasped impatiently, her gaze turned wistfully upon the little timepiece, the Countess Renee looked fair, very fair. Her hair, black and glossy, rippled away in heavy shining waves from her white forehead, and was bound in one massive knot behind, while soft pearls, intermingling here and there, relieved its somber gloom. Her dark eyes, dull and languid now, yet revealed within their slumberous depths that which told that excitement could bring the needed sparkle. Her robe was of rustling, rose tinted silk, while a long train of dark crimson velvet, bordered with silver lace, fell from her faultless waist in heavy, graceful folds, according well with her tall, stately figure, and royal air.

"O, Leopold, Leopold, return to me—your loveing Renee," she continued, then sinking into a chair covered her face with her hands, and for a moment wept bitterly, as though her heart were breaking. But soon rising, she impatiently dashed away the tears, exclaiming: "shall I—I whom men call 'The icy contess'—appear before my guests with red eyes, and tear-stained face? No; I will *not* weep.

At this moment a low knock sounded upon the door, and a servant in a gorgeous livery of velvet and gold, entered. With a low bow, he extended to her a richly chased salver, on which lay a letter.

"From court, my lady," he said, as she took it, and then withdrew.

The countess glanced at it carelessly.

"From court? Some order concerning the next reception, I suppose," and tearing off the envelope, she read the first few lines.

As she did so, her hole demeanor changed. She clutched the paper firmly, with hands as cold as death. A corpse-like pallor came upon her anguished face; a wild look of horror filled her staring eyes; and shudder after shudder shook her frame.

And well might she tremble, for the cruel letter told her that her idolized husband, Count Leopold Von Autenrieth, would, on the twenty-seventh day of October, at six o'clock in the evening, be beheaded for the crime of high treason, in the public square of the City of Pesth.

When she had finished, the lovely Renee stood for a moment gazing blankly at the letter—the terrible letter—as though its meaning was not quite plain to her.

It was such a shock!—had come so suddenly! Five minutes before she had been joyously expecting his return to her; and now—this!

"Death"

She trembled as the fearful word fell from her pallid lips; a dizziness stole over her making her faint and sick. But the wretched woman shook off the feeling.

"The twenty-seventh, at six o'clock!" she exclaimed, hoarsely. "This is the twenty-sixth, and"—glancing at the clock—"it is already five! Merciful Heaven! I have but twenty-five hours to save him in, and it is one hundred and forty miles to Pesth!"

With frantic energy she pulled the bell. A servant instantly appeared.

"The carriage," she cried, her eyes glaring excitedly, "and four of the strongest horses! Quick! a life depends upon your speed!"

The amazed servent hurried off to do her bidding, while the countess frantically walked the room, her heart bounding furiously as she thought of her husband's peril.

A few moments passed, and she was told that the carriage was ready. Gathering her long train upon her arm, and snatching a cloak from a chair, she quickly descended the grand staircase, passed through the marble-floored hall, and came out upon the court-yard of her palace. The footmen in livery stood ready to mount the equipage, but she waved them off with an imperious gesture.

"This is for business, not for pleasure—I need you not," she said, and entered the carriage, calling to the coachman: "To the palace of the empress—and as swiftly as the horses can be made to go!"

The man plied his whip with vigor, and the four spirited animals dashed through the streets at a fearful pace, astonishing the quiet citizens, who turned and looked after the equipage with wondering eyes.

Inside the countess sat, pale, and terrified, hoping—oh, so earnestly!—for success, yet fearing that her work would be in vain.

Would she be able to save him from death—and death for high treason? What did this fearful intelligence mean? Surely *her* husband—her Leopold—had never, never been guilty of that dreadful crime.

"There is some mistake," she thought. "He is far too loyal. He cannot have plotted against the throne. It is the work of an enemy. But if pleading can save him, he shall live. I will kneel at her feet. I will implore. Oh, Heaven give me words to touch her heart;" and the countess sent up a silent prayer for help, in this her supreme hour of need.

At last—it seemed an age to the trembling occupant—the coach drew up before the Imperial palace. Waiting for no assistance the countess sprang out, and rushed into the building.

"The empress. Where is she?" she gasped, pausing for an instant to question one of the guards.

"Countess," was the reply, "the empress is now in the council-chamber. She can not be seen."

"But I must see her. It is a matter of life and death."

"It is impossible."

"I *will* see her. Stay me not," cried Renee as she flew past the astonished man in the direction of the designated chamber.

A moment she stopped before the door to still her heart, throbbing with mingled fear and love, then opening it, she entered quickly, and sank with clasped hands and tear-dimmed eyes at the feet of the empress, who half rising signified her displeasure.

"Mercy, "mercy," groaned the wretched supplicant; "mercy, your majesty!"

"What means this?" queried Maria Theresa, turning to Kaunitz, who occupied a chair at her right hand.

"Your majesty," replied the prime minister, "if this be the Countess Von Autenrieth, and I believe it is, it means that her husband is to be beheaded to-morrow at Pesth, and she supplicates your majesty to pardon him."

"Her husband! Count Leopold Von Autenrieth,! And why is he sentenced to death?"

"High treason, your majesty. Your majesty signed the warrant a few days ago; but, through some mistake, the news was not sent to the countess until to-day."

"I remember now. Countess, I cannot pardon high treason. I would gladly save him, but he must die. The welfare of the empire demands it."

"Oh, your majesty" screamed the unfortunate wife, beautiful at any time, put doubly beautiful now, in her distress; "spare him, I beseech. He is my all, my only love. If he dies, I die too. If it pleases your majesty, you can do it, and can save a heart from desolation. Spare him!"

"Countess, it cannot be," was the chilling reply. "Had it been for any other cause he was to die, it might be possible, but treason—never!"

"He has been misguided—there is some awful mistake. For the love of Heaven—for the love you bear your dead husband, give him his life. He has been faithful—oh, how faithful—to you, and I know, I feel in my heart that he is innocent. Pardon him! Pardon! Pardon!"

Breathless, the countess groveled in the most abject misery at the feet of the empress.

"It is true he has been very loyal to me hitherto. Are you sure that the proof is perfect? I would destroy no man's life without a just cause," turning to her counselors, who, with the exception of Kaunitz, were looking in astonishment at this outpouring of the woman's heart.

"The case has been as thoroughly examined as was possible in so short a time, your majesty, and it is scarcely probable there is anything wrong," replied Kaunitz, as grave and as calm as though nothing unusual had happened.

"Yet there might be," murmured Maria Theresa, beginning to relent, "and I have never had a suspicion, even, against him before."

"Oh, your majesty," cried the countess, the spark of hope, almost extinguished, beginning to revive within her tortured bosom, "at least reprive him until he can be proved guilty. All this may be the malice of some enemy. The good have always enemies. And if he has erred, your majesty will see that he can appreciate mercy."

"Enough," said the empress, with a determined wave of her hand. "Kaunitz, make out a full pardon for the Count Leopold Von Autenrieth, and I will sign it. Countess Renee, I have decided to give your husband a free pardon, such is the confidence I begin now to feel in his innocence, trust that he will appreciate the act, and show that he does by keeping, in the future, from everything which can sully his name, or cast any shadow upon his integrity. I have always had the greatest faith in him. He has been a wise counselor and a sagacious advisor to me. I signed the warrant in hast, or should have looked more searchingly for the truth of the matter."

Renee Von Autenrieth could but stoop and kiss the hem of the empress' robe, so entirely overcome by the sudden revulsion of feeling, as, for a moment, to be speechless.

"But countess, I fear you will not be able to save your husband. The courier, with the death sentence, must have reached Pesth by this time, for the execution is to-morrow."

"Your majesty, my carriage stands at the entrance to the palace. I shall not waste a moment, and hope, by the Providence of God, to reach the city before to-morraw at six."

"Pray Heaven you may," fervently responded Maria Theresa.

The pardon was handed to her, and when the royal signature had been affixed, the countess received the precious document, and clasping it closely to her bosom fled out of the palace and re-entered her carriage which still waited at the gate.

"To Pesth," she commanded the coachman; "do not spare the horses, and strive to reach the city before six to-morrow evening."

The man started at her in surprise, as though she were a lunatic, and began:

"But, my lady, it is——"

She interrupted him:

"Joseph, your master is to die at that hour, unless I am there to save him. I have the royal pardon with me. Need I say more?"

No, it was enough; for the count was dearly loved, nay, worshiped by all his servants. He plied his whip with vigor, and the horses started off with the speed of the wind, while the countess leaned back upon the seat and prayed that she might reach Pesth before the awful deed was done. But, oh, she doubted! There were many things to delay her. The horses could not hold out at the rate they were going—she might be unable to obtain more—the carriage might break—she thought of numberless events to prevent her. The fact, however, that the road was an excellent one, hard and level almost as a floor, was in her favor.

She took out her jeweled watch and opened it. Half past six. Heavens! she had but twenty-three and a half hours, and Pesth was at least one hundred and thirty-eight miles distant. That would be nearly six miles an hour.

"Surely we can go as much as that," she thought," and a little comforted, was carried on past farm houses, fields, orchards, and towers until Joseph told her that the horses could hold out but for a few miles more.

"Then we will stop at the next inn and try to obtain a fresh relay," replied the countess, and in a short time, with a great flourish, they drew up in front of a little building brilliant with lights, with a swinging sign which proclaimed to all men that it was the "King's Golden Crown."

The bustling landlord hearing the clatter of the horses' hoofs and seeing the splendor of the equipage drawn up before his door, came out bowing and smiling with delight at the thought of a noble guest. Renee leaned from the window and eagerly questioned him as to whether he knew of four horses near at hand which she could secure.

"I have four horses at your service," replied the obsequious landlord; "but they're not so good as these, and two must be shod before they can go."

She dropped back and groaned.

"And how near is the blacksmith's shop?" she inquired.

"It is just behind the house, and——"

"Then shoe the horse *immidiately*. Not a moment is to be wasted. Hasten, O hasten!"

The man hurried off to do her bidding, while Renee in an agonizing state of suspense thought of the precious time she was losing. Every moment was one less. Supposing she should be too late! The headless body of her husband, all gory and ghastly, came up before her. She shuddered and closed her eyes as if to shut out the awful sight, but still it tormented her. She imagined it all—oh, so vividly! Her Leopold marching between a guard of soldiers—ascending the gloomy scaffold, hung with black—the executioner, all masked, and holding in his hand the fatal ax—the last prayer—the laying of his head upon the block—and then the cruel blow, the blow which would sever that beloved head and send it all dripping with blood down to the basket below! It was *too* fearful, and she fairly shrieked with dread as she pictured that final scene.

Then came the landlord with the four horses—good common animals, but in no way to be compared with her own—and they were soon attached to the carriage. She gave him a little sum of money, with which he might well be content, and at length started again. Then looking at her watch, she found that she had been delayed fully three-quarters of an hour, and her heart sank low within her bosom.

And so, through the weary night they rolled on. Now dashing through the quiet street of some little village, anon rattling over the stony thoroughfares of a more important place, that called itself a town. Occasionally stopping at some inn to change horses, Joseph rousing the sleeping inmates with thundering raps, then a great bustle and hurry with the harnessing and unharnessing of horses, and then the drive off into the night again.

At last the morning dawned, clear and bright, and they were sixty-five miles on the way. But again the horses were giving out, and no inn appeared in view. So they drove on, on, on. Joseph lessened their pace, until they were going but little faster than a walk, for to have kept the horses at the former rate would have been to kill them.

When Renee had given up to despair, a little wayside tavern came in sight, and they soon drove up before the "Wild Boar." But to her hurried inquiries the landlord shook his head. "No he had not four horses, nor even two for that matter."

A group of workmen on their way to the fields were congregated before the house, and to them the heart-broken woman appealed.

"O, my friends," she cried, "can

[Concluded on Fourth Page.]

THE STAR.

R. W. LOGAN. A. D'K. WALLACE

LOGAN & WALLACE,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

REPUBLICAN MEETING.

There will be a meeting of the Republicans of this County, at Rutherfordton, on the first Monday in May next, to appoint delegates to the Republican District Convention, at Asheville.

STATE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The State Republican Convention, to put in nomination candidates for the various State offices in the ensuing campaign, met in the city of Raleigh on Wednesday last, the 17th instant, and made the following nominations:

For Governor,
TOD. R. CALDWELL,
of Burke.

For Lieutenant-Governor,
C. H. BROGDEN,
of Wayne.

For Attorney-General,
T. L. HARGROVE,
of Granville.

For State Treasurer,
D. A. JENKINS,
of Gaston.

For Secretary of State,
DR. W. H. HOWERTON,
of Rowan.

For Auditor,
——— RILEY,
of Cumberland.

For Supt. of Public Instruction,
REV. ——— REED,
of Person.

For Supt. of Public Works,
SILAS BURNS,
of Chatham.

THEIR FIRST GUN.

The first gun of Democracy that belches forth its smoke and dirty shot is Z. B. Vance. It is fitting and very natural that it should be thus. The people can form an idea from this who will be the cannon and what will be loads generally throughout the entire campaign. We said that it was very natural that Z. B. Vance should be the first. Why? Because in 1868 he deserted the great Union element in North Carolina which placed him in the gubernatorial chair in 1862. Because, it is said, he issued orders to militia or home guard officers, and then, when the war had closed, aided in prosecuting them because they executed the orders. Because he is a rejected and discomfitted United States Senator, and is well versed in venting his spleen upon those that obstruct his way. These things constitute democratic penitence.

His speech will be thrown broadcast as a Democratic campaign document. Wonder if it will avow the same "White man's party" doctrine that Gov. Graham did in 1868? Wonder if it will be as effective as was that famous "White man's party" document? Wonder if he will declare that "before the *heroic* (?) ku klux will be beaten by "Radicals and niggers," they will intimidate, scourge, maim, and assassinate "till hell freezes over?"

Since writing the above we have seen the "campaign document" emanating from Gov. Z. B. Vance. His many personal friends and admirers in both parties will doubtless be surprised at the weakness which pervades the entire concern. We had expected at least a statesmanly denunciation of the Republican party, and feared our expression "dirty shot" would be out of place. But we find it a proper term, the "campaign document" being made up of charges which are the stock in trade of penny-a-line scribblers and cross-road politicians and of anecdotes in profusion.—*Winston Republican.*

The Irish Republic advises the Irish Republicans to stand by Grant; as the fairest and kindest man to all races that ever sat in the Presidential chair.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS!

FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

AYER, April 16.

LOSS BY FIRE.—Thirty buildings, including one Odd Fellows' Hall, the Unitarian church and Post Office have been destroyed by fire. Loss two hundred thousand dollars.

LONDON, April 11.

The case of Arthur O'Conner, the assailant of the Queen, came up in Old Bailey this morning. The prisoner made an ineffectual attempt to withdraw his plea of guilty to the charge of assassination of her majesty, with mitigating ground of insanity. The jury was empanelled to inquire into the mental condition of the prisoner. O'Conner's father was sworn in his son's defence; he testified that he [the father] was the nephew of Feargus O'Conner, and that several members of his family, besides the prisoner, were insane. The accused, he stated, was very studious when a child, and fell into bad health, from which he had suffered ever since. The prisoner was wounded in the head in 1866, and received injuries which rendered him insensible for some time. The witness further testified that his son was never connected with any political association. The jury was satisfied as to the sanity of the prisoner, and brought in a verdict of guilty. O'Conner was sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve months at hard labor, and to receive twenty lashes.

NEW ORLEANS, April 15.

In the colored convention today a platform of resolutions were adopted. The preamble regrets the necessity which called into existence a colored convention, and is grateful for the triumph in behalf of equal rights, and submits the following resolutions to the American people:

First. Gives thanks for their Emancipation and citizenship.

Second. Pledges their unswerving devotion to support the nominees of the Philadelphia Convention.

Third. Endorses President Grant and thanks him for recognizing men, without regard to race or color, in making appointments.

Fourth. Prays that colored Republicans of States where there are no Federal protection given to colored men, may no longer be ignored.

Fifth. Acknowledges the overwhelming indebtedness for services of Charles Sumner.

Sixth. Prays the action of Vice President Colfax, in delivering the casting vote in favor of the Supplementary Civil Rights Bill.

Seventh. Appeals for protection in civil rights in public places, and upon public conveyances.

Eighth. Condemns Republicans who voted against the Civil Rights Bill, and pledges that they will vote for successors to them whenever they have the power.

CHARLESTON, April 11.

In the United States Court today four prisoners from York county, indicted at the last term for conspiracy and murder, pleaded guilty of conspiracy, and the murder charges were withdrawn by the Government.

CHARLESTON, April 15.

In the United States Court, evidence was heard in the case of William Lowry, charged with conspiracy under the enforcement act, will probably go to the jury night. Miles McColloch, of New York, pleaded guilty of conspiracy.

CHARLESTON, April 16.

In the United States Court today Wm. Lowery was found guilty of conspiracy, and Wm. Smith and Larder Spencer, of York county, were tried for conspiracy and murder.

SPEECH OF HON. Z. B. VANCE, AT STATESVILLE.

This effort of Gov. Vance has been heralded forth as the *campaign document* of the Ku Klux Democracy.

We welcome it as such. As oratorical effort, it is "stale, flat and unprofitable." But as a defense and apology for the Ku Klux, it is all heart could desire. Hear him!

If white women and children had found that protection and safety, which they ought ever to find in christian communities, you would have seen no misgained young men goaded by desperation, to commit horrible outrages by night or day. If there had been no damnable union leagues, there would have been no damnable ku klux. Continued applause.

This sounds equal to the Sodom and Gomorrah speech in Raleigh, in 1868. But how does all this tally with the late repentant Governor?

Eighteen months ago this same man began in the quiet, subdued tone to complain of the violence of certain leaders of his party. At last he secretly applied for pardon under his own name, (would his friends believe it?) Then he went on to Washington City, and there passed as almost a Radical! His trickery and deception was detected.—He fails to get his seat. He sees his State and party greatly damaged by the course his inordinate ambition has led him to pursue; and now all at once, he goes back to his wallow, and we have his dirty speach at Statesville.

The purpose is manifest. Vance has lost caste with his own party. He now seeks to renew their obligations to him by fresh zeal in a failing cause. He hastens to Iredell, the banner county of the old Henry Clay Whigs, and there pours out his wrath, vents his spleen and hellish hate of all that is Republican, to an audience gotten up for the occasion. But it won't do. Times have changed since 1868. The People, (thank God!) are at last beginning to think and act for themselves. They see peace and prosperity almost within their grasp. Naught mars the prospect but the renewal of the cowardly Ku Klux, and these Gen. Grant and the American masses are determined to put down. Let the hero of two lost fields understand this at once, and act accordingly.

"Alas! Poor Yorick!"

How have the mighty fellen!—*Era.*

BLAIR.

Frank Blair is without doubt the most unfortunate letter writer on the American continent. The pen in his hand is wielded like the fatal sword of the Japanese princes—for the purpose of harlkari. His Broadhead letter was the most marked instance of political siucide with a careless pen that is recorded in party annals.

Now this poor unfortunate has been at it again. Being invited to attend the banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, at St. Louis, on Monday night, he "came not, but sent a letter." This letter contained the following clause:

If it be true that St. Patrick banished the snakes and frogs from Ireland, we ought to pray that another such saint should be given us to do the same service in the new Ireland which has been made by the carpet-baggers in the Southern States.

The storm of hisses with which this reading was greeted made the reporters present think that the reptiles banished by the Patron Saint of the Green Isle had all congregated in the hall. The storm of indignation at last found expression in the remarks of Judge Baily, who, despite the attempts of a few, rule to rule him down, said:

We celebrate the memory of a saint that gave christianity to our political ancestors. We do not celebrate that thing that drove the snakes in our last rebellion either one way or the other. A letter of that kind coming to the intelligence of the assemblage is a positive insult to the very thing that we revere and that we are here to celebrate. [Applause cheers.]

We are bound to admit that as a letter writer Frank P. Blair is not a success.—*Cincinnati Times and Chronicle.*

WHAT IT IS TO BE A WIDOW.

It is to miss the strong arm you have leaned upon, the true faith that you knew could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness that none other could give it. It is to hear no more the well-known footstep that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that to your adoring eyes seemed as the face of the angels of God. To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovinly; the dear eyes that, whatever it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face earth held to him. It is to fight with a mighty sorrow as a man fights with the waves that overwhelm him, and to hold it at arm's lengh for awhile, only to have—in the hours of loneliness and weakness—the torrent roll over you, while; poor, storm-driven dove, you see no haven.

PROGRESS.

We had a visit a short time since from a prominent and intelligent gentleman residing in a neighboring county who, in the course of a conversation upon general topics, gave us his experience. He said: "Before the war I lived in luxury, did not know what exertion was, did not know what was in me. Four years of exposure in the army, with constant labor and an almost continual struggle for food, and coming out with not five cents in money, I realized my position and was face to face with my own abilities, and since then I feel more of a man and more able to work and more pleasure in working." There was no grumbling, no finding fault, but on the other hand a cheerful acquiescence in the *reconstructed* order of things and a feeling of honest pride in realizing that he possessed the *ability* to depend upon his own resources.

This man's experience is only one out of thousands all over the South. Before the war, wealth and aristocratic lineage was the only *sesame* to "society" and political position; *now* the surest insignias of success are industry and intelligence. Indeed, during the twelve years past the South has leaped the abyss of a century's progress and is becoming more and more prepared to move onward. And it is the younger men of the South who are pushing forward and enjoying the benefits of this great social and political revolution. And as they are true to their convictions they will carry it to a successful end.—*Carolinian.*

OUR ENEMIES THEMSELVES BEING JUDGES.

In determining the real character of the Cincinnati Convention, in showing that it is a movement calculated to directly benefit the now disabled Democracy, and, if successful, to elevate that party again to power, let us to-day go to our political foes for evidence. The New York *World*, in its issue yesterday, in an editorial on Judge David Davis, gave the following:

"We print a communication setting forth some points in Judge Davis' record, which, in the estimation of the writer, tend to weaken him with Democratic voters if he should happen to be the candidate of the Cincinnati Convention. As this letter is temperate, and sets forth facts, there is no good reason why we should not publish it, although we do not indorse its conclusions.

"No citizen has been mentioned in connection with the Cincinnati nomination whose name has called forth such marked expressions of favor by the Democratic press as Judge Davis. For ourselves, we have seen no great cause to regret these warm and pretty extensive of Democratic confidence, except the inexpediency of concentrating Democratic preference upon any candidate in advance of the convention at Cincinnati.

"It would be fatal to a movement originating with Republicans, addressed only to Republicans, and depending for its efficiency upon Republican support, to act, or even seem to act, under Democratic duress. And yet, as the Democratic party has a contingent interest in this movement, it is proper enough for our journals to canvass the merits of public men who rise into prominence as candidates for the Cincinnati nomination. * * *

"Vehemence and urgent partisanship are out of place in the Democratic press respecting any of the possible Cincinnati nominees. But it is right that facts which might impede the success of any of them, if nominated, should be candidly brought to public attention, in order that nobody may act under a misapprehension. It is on this ground alone that we print the communication setting forth Democratic objections to Judge Davis. Our columns are equally open to any temperate defense of judge Davis against these objections. Our only anxiety is that nobody shall adopt hasty conclusions in ignorance of essential facts. * *

"The new movement can not be successful without ignoring past differences of opinion.

* * * * * * *

"And so, if Democrats and Liberal Republicans are to act together in this Presidential canvass, they must necessarily sink out of sight many topics on which they have heretofore been in sharp conflict. It is a necessity of the new situation that 'bygones be bygones.' * * *

"If Messrs Sumner, Adams, Greeley, Trumbull, Davis, Schuz, Brown, and other Republicans are to march in the same ranks with Democrats, and to offer the right hand of fellowship to the Southeners whose political disabilities they seek to remove, past conflicts of opinion must be ignored. If we are to keep ripping upon old controversies, we may as well abandon all hopes of harmony.

"For this reason we attach little importance to what is urged against the nomination of Charles Francis Adams and Judge Davis.

"The Cincinnati Convention will be free to consult its own preferness; and when it announces its ticket, the Democratic party will be equally free to indorse or reject it, according to their estimate of its character and strength."

Is anything further necessary to mak clear the work of the Cincinnati Conventionists? It is evident to all close observers that the movement could hold no possible hope of success save through the cooperation of the whole Democratic party with the so-called Liberal Republicans; and it is quite as evident that the leaders of the Democracy fear that they have no hope of success save through this sale of themselves to Cincinnati; and that they propose to go into the bargaining if there be only the slightest chance of their outgeneraling. Success under such circumstances would simply be the triumph of the Democratic party, with possibly something of gain to Horace Greeley or some other "Republican on the half-shell," as the New York *Herald* calls H. G. Wouldn't it be a sight, though, to see Greeley and Schurz in the Cabinet with Stephens, or Pendleton, or Sunset Cox, or John Morrissey?—*Chronicle.*

THE END OF THE WORLD—WE SHALL WIND UP IN AUGUST, 1872.

The end of the world is now set for next summer, *Teste David cum Sybilla*, or rather Dr. Cummings and proof. Plantamour. For while the prophetic doctor's latest calculation places the final conflagration at about this time, the great astronomer of Geneva relates the discovery of a comet of wondenful and unusual size, that is rushing with immense velocity toward our earth, to reach it on the 12th of August. Prof. Plantamour has found this comet afar off in space, pointed so directly toward our globe that nothing can prevent a collision except the intervention of some other heavenly body to sway the wanderer out of its course. It is a new comet, and therefore more to pe dreaded than the old friends of the same sort, which have been picked to pieces by the spectroscope, pierced by the telescope, and in one or two instances, even robbed of its luxuriant tails. We know these to be harmless bodies, while of the giant of Prof. Plantamour we know nothing. But there is consolation in the thought that before the collision actually takes place our wise men will have ample opportunity to dissect the hostile comet and inform us whether our fate is to be incremated with burning gas, stoned to death with meteorites, or simply to add another satellite to our train.

FOREIGN NATIONS.

The Republican party has been most successful in its diplomacy with foreign nations. The Administration of President Grant has seen in Europe the Spanish throne totter and fall, the kingdom of Italy spread out and firmly established, the empire of France fall and that grand nation subjugated, the establishment of another grand empire upon the higherto divided portions of Prussia and Germany, and yet has kept clear of all the complications, which, under a less competent administration, might have placed the United States in such position as to readily have been drawn into war.

Above anything else Gen. Grant's administration has the credit of a settlement of the vexed question arising out of the rebellion, with England. This, the most delicate negotiation ever successfully terminated with so much to irritate a great nation like great Britain, was, through statemanship, brought to an understanding which is now in progress to a peaceful conclusion.

So much praise has been given for the great skill with which the domestic affairs of the administration of Gen. Grant are conducted, that the successful management of our foreign relations has been lost sight of almost entirely.

While this great nation has won regard and respect by its policy at home, the new United States, divested as it is, of slavery and other kindred monstrosities, has risen in the estimation of foreign nations higher and higher. Abroad we hear no such sneers as are indulged in by the majority of the editors of papers published in the South. In everybody's mouth, who is not an aristocrat and opposed to republican governments, are blessings on our republican government and our great and gallant President.

In looking over the affairs of our great nation during the last three years, comparing it with the weak and cowardly administration of James Buchannan and the drunken rowdyism of Andrew Johnson's democratic reign, we can with heartfelt feeling exclaim, "From such good Lord, deliver us."

Give us Grant, peace, respect, strength and admiration from every true heart in the world.—*Post.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE TRUE GROUNDS OF CONFIDENCE.

Whence Comes that firm reliance, that absolute, undoubting faith in the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy for indigestion, bilious disorders, intermittent or remittent fevers, which notoriously prevail in all parts of the United States? This confidence has been growing for twenty years, and it is still extending. It is not the result of credulity; it has not been engendered by any human device, but is the spontaneous and natural consequences of experience. What people see daily going on under their own eyes they cannot question. When families in healthy districts that resort to this wholesome vegetable tonic, as a preventive, escape periodical fevers, and their immediate neighbors who neglect this precaution, are prostrated by the disease, how is it possible that the phenomenon should be without its lesson? In like manner when it is seen that obstinate cases of dyspepsia, of liver complaint, of constipation, of nervous weakness, and of general debility, yield to the operation of the same remedy, how can even incredulity itself Withhold its endorsement? Eyewitnesses of the salutary effects of the bitters are to be found in every civilized settlement on this continent. The thousand upon thousand who owe their restoration to health and strength, or the preservation from sickness, to its extraordinary medicinal properties, are enthusiastic in its praise. The multitudes who recommend it in a neighborly way to their friends and acquaintances, as well as those who make public their estimate of its virtues, are always ready to state their reasons for the faith that is in them. They have all either felt or witnessed its beneficent operations. [April.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS.—The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength. They are warranted free from poisonous oils and acids. Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, Manufacturers and Proprietors. For sale by grocers and druggists.

NATURE GIVES US TEETH, but does not preserve and purify them. This must be done with fragrant SOZODONT. The dental bone and its enamel casing are rendered invulnerable to all destructive influences by the daily use of this beneficent preparation.

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DIPSOMANIA is an insane thirst for intoxicating liquors. Habitual drunkenness produces it. Yet each Alcoholic Bitter vender recommends that a dram of his rum and rot-gut be taken thrice a day, to prevent sickness! For all bodily ailments, and as a protection against the causes of disease, take that all sufficient antidote, DR. WARNER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, the pure essence of the medicinal herbs unadulterated by distilled poison.

CARBOLIC SALVE, recommended by the leading Physicians and the President of the New York Board of Health, as the most wonderful Healing compound ever known. Gives instant relief to burns, cures all kinds of sores, cuts and wounds; and a most invaluable salve for all purposes. Sold everywhere at 25 cents. John E. Henry, Sole Proprietor, 8 College Place, New York.

SYAPNIA is Opium purified of its sickening and poisonous properties, discovered by Dr. Bigelow, Professor of Botany, Detroit Medical College. A most perfect anodyne and soothing opiate. John Farr, Chemist, New York.

CHRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE is the best and best. It corrects the bad effect of inferior dyes while the black or brown tints it produces are identical to nature. Factory 68 Maiden Lane, New York.

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JOUVIN'S Inodorous Kid Glove Cleaner restores soiled gloves equal to new. For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers—Price 25 cents per bottle. F. C. Wells & Co., New York.

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A YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE and a Beautiful Clear Complexion is the desire of everybody. This effect is produced by using G. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," a harmless beautifier of the skin. Will remove all Discoloration, Tan, Freckles and Sunburns. The use of this delightful toilet preparation cannot be detected. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, Depot, 5 Gold St., New York.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP—relieves the little sufferer from pain, cures Wind Colic, Regulates the Stomach and Bowels, corrects Acidity, and during the process of teething it is invaluable. Perfectly safe in all cases, as millions of mothers can testify. [April

THE STAR.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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Special notices charged 50 per cent higher. Local notices 15 cents a line.

Agents procuring advertisements will be allowed a commission of 25 per cent.

SUSPENDED.—With this number the publication of the STAR will be suspended for the present. Those of our subscribers who have been kind enough to pay us for the STAR in advance may be assured that if we do not resume the publication of the STAR, that we will cheerfully refund to them what they have overpaid.

TRY HUBER.—If you would like a pair of *a number one* boots, try F. Huber, Asheville, N. C. We have a pair that he made for us that are excellent; in fact, they fill the bill to a fraction. Mr. Huber will fill all orders promptly. Send measure.

☞ Editorial notices are so common that it is almost impossible for an editor to express his honest opinion of the merits of any article without being suspected of interested motives. This fact, however, shall not deter us from saying what we think of a new addition to the Materia Medica to which our attention has been recently directed. We refer to DR. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, a remedy which is making its way into more families just now than all the other advertised medicines put together. There seems to be no question about the potency of its tonic and alterative properties, while if it possesses the great negative recommendation of containing neither alcohol nor mineral poison. That it is a specific for Indigestion, Billiousness, Constipation, and many complaints of nervous origin, we have reason to know; and we are assured on good authority that as a general invigorant, regulating and purifying medicine, it has no equal. It is stated that its ingredients, (obtained from the wilds of California,) are new to the medical world; and its extraordinary effects certainly warrant the conclusion that it is a compound of agents hitherto unknown. If popularity is any criterion, there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the VINEGAR BITTERS, for the sale of the article is immense and continually increasing. 4w

ADVANCE IN IRON.

A considerable advance in the price of iron of all kinds, and all things of which iron and steel are component parts, has taken place, in some instances as high as 30 to 50 per cent. Nails have been advanced about half cent per pound. This has been caused by the increased use of iron for various purposes, one of which is house building, railroads, &c., and a limited production at the mines, caused by a want of skillful operators, greater facilities, &c.

North Carolina is rich in iron ore, and capital and labor would come in and develope both our iron and coal fields, water powers, &c., but for the opposition to Republicans and men who might desire to exercise freedom of thought. Ostracism and Kukluxism will be a death-blow to the prosperity of the State, till a change shall take place. Men will not like to locate where they will be denounced as belonging to a "den of *thieves*," and that in a county meeting amidst applause, and a half dozen journals requested to announce the same to the world lest their enmity might not go forth and be sufficiently known. It is said, "whom the gods doom to destruction, they first make mad." A remarkable instance is now before us.—*American.*

THE "CAMPAIGN DOCUMENT."

We noticed breifly last week the "campaign document" emanating from Governor Vance. The prominence which he hss occupied and still occupies, and the courage which his avowal of unfounded charges against the Republican party will give to the Democratic scribblers and squeakers in the State, make it necessary to give the document a more lengthy notice. We said before, and we repeat it, the sentiments are unworthy the source from whence they came, and the effort is as unworthy the once favorite son of North Carolina.

The document proceeds to charge upon the Republican party the overriding of civil liberty and civil power by military authority. And, of course, this is maintained to have been done without cause. Taking up the role of a common cross road politician, a disguised citizen, who has been elected to the United States Senate, makes numerous charges without producing an iota of proof. It is well known that no military force has ever been used in the South, except to control the turbulent spirit of ex-rebels and to suppress the Democratic criminal manipulation—the Kuklux. Does he intend to apologize for these assassins? From this wholesale denunciation and inexcusable misrepresentation of the laws and the means which have been used by the government to suppress this hellish conspiracy, it would seem so.

But hear him on corruption: "I believe it may be asserted as a historical fact that public corruption was unknown in this land until the Radicals came into power."

It seems impossible that one who so bitterly denounced the anti-war corruption of Democracy can be so reckless, or that one so talented can be so regardless of stating historical facts, and so blinded with political passion, as to make such a declaration. To prove that public corruption was known prior to Republican ascendancy, we will merely refer to two or three instances. The one to which he (Vance) refers himself—the theft of nearly a million dollars by one Swartwort, the corruption and extravagance of the thriftless administration of Pierce, which was even denounced by Democrats—by Democrats who were accustomed to sling corruption; and the administration of the disunion sympathizer, James Buchanan, of which Andrew Johnson said, "this Government is making more corrupt uses of money, in proportion to the amount collected from the people, than any government on the habitable globe." And of which Roger A. Pryor said, "from the by ways and highways of the government, the rottenness of corruption sends forth an insufferable stench." And of which the Richmond *Whig* says, "Ours is an age of frauds. From the President down to the navy yard blacksmiths, stealing and hiding one for another, has been the order of the day for four dreadful years past." And of which it was proven before a competent committee that hundreds of thousands of dollars of the people's money were squandered to maintain it in its corruption.

Can the people imagine how a man of the intelligence of Z. B. Vance, with *these* "historical facts" emblazoned in letters of living darkness before him, can assert as a "historical fact" that corruption has been unknown? How can they consider otherwise than that he attempts to presume upon their intelligence and impose upon their credulity?

Having finished his tirades against and we might very properly say, his misrepresentations of, the national administration, he essays to rehearse the old story of the "Radical robbery of the South" and takes his statements from the minority report of the Ku Klux Committee—that part of the committee which closed its eyes to the lawlessness and crime, yea, even to the existence of that band of murderous fiends, the Ku Klux Klan. We denounce as unstintedly as any one the plundering of the South by unscrupulous swindlers, but deny that the Republican party is solely responsible for these plunderings. In order to sustain this position with Democratic evidence, we hope we will be excused for a small reproduction.

The report of Job. E. Stevenson, a Democratic Congressman from Ohio, to the House of Representatives contains the following. "That there have been extravagance and frauds (in the Southern States) is admitted. NEITHER party is responsible for them, but individual members of both, and non-partizans, who care only for their own gains, regardless of the interests of their own party." How does this compare with the statement made by Gov. Vance, which is only a reiteration of the old political tale, that the Radicals robbed the South?

We will pass on to his witty and sarcastic arraignment of the Government because it does not crush out of the existence the secret, oath-bound, midnight-meeting, midnight-murdering Kuklux Klan; and to his puerile, semewhat hackneyed assertion, "if there had been no damnable union leagues, there would have been no damnable Ku Klux."

We do not think he or his allies will have long to complain of the existence of the band of incarnate fiends, although they are bound together by terrible oaths and horrid midnight secresy; because the Government, the Courts, and those who have been wronged by the Klan are terribly in earnest, and it will be exterminated. To refute the assertion that the Union Leagues, or the deplorable financial condition of the South, were the causes which produced the Ku Klux, we will again slightly reproduce from the report of Mr. Stevenson, above cited. Bearing upon this point, the report says:

"From all the facts before us we conclude that the lawlessness, intimidation and violence which have prevailed and still prevail in the late insurrectionary States have not arisen out of or been caused by the financial condition of those States, but are the effects of a conspiracy formed before reconstruction, which ignores economic interests had consideration, and strikes its victims in their persons and property, as may seem expedient." After reciting the effects of this conspiracy, prominent among which are: compelling increased expenses, diminishing the resources and depressing the credit of these States; harassing and outraging property-holders and industrious freedom; murdering able bodied men colored and white; and declaring that had it not been for this conspiracy "the aggregate population of these eleven States would have been five hundred thousand more, and the aggregate value of property five hundred millions greater," the report continues:—"The organizers and managers of the conspiracy known as the ku klux klan, or invisible empire of the South, which has produced these results, must have anticipated these effects before they occured and understood them while they were transpiring.

"These leaders are men of high intelligence, and they must have the results they have produced. Their purpose must have been to close the South against Northern men and capital; to hold the freedmen helpless and dependent; to govern the States, and finally the country, and thus recover what they valued more than all else—property in slaves and political power."

And so it is evident, the Ku Klux Klan was not brought into existence by the Union Leagues, but was a creature of the surrender, a child of and the successor to, the "Lost Cause." It was conceived at the very moment of defeat, and its great actuating principle was to make the South a terrestial hell, that none but friends could live in it, and by these means to recover "property in slaves and political power!" It was premeditated and the plans matured, and the operations have been solely in the interest of that acuating principle. It has been fostered and protected by the Democratic party, in order that when success crowded its damnable efforts this old party of slavery might enjoy the results, perpetuate slavery and wallow in political corruption forever. In this will be found the time of its birth and the purposes for whitch it has existed.

Highly commending the economy and patriotism of the late Ku Klux Grand Den,—the great pocket-stuffing, convict starving, constitution trampling, Ku Klux-legislating, and criminal shielding Legislature, he made a very futile attempt to radicule the similarity between old Whig and Republican principles, and closed the "campaign document" with characteristic anecdotes.—*Winston Republican.*

A RAILROAD IN EGYPT.—The enterprising viceroy has commenced the gigantic work of connecting Upper and Lower Egypt by a railroad, which is to be 600 miles long, and proceed into the heart of Africa. The land of the Pharaohs is waking from its long slumbers.

N. C. HISTORY.—Since 1775 there have been but eight Secretaries, while during the same period there have been thirty-eight Governors: of the eight, one held office over forty and another thirty two years. Six have been elected since 1857.—*Ex.*

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CARD.

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Again thanking a generous public for the very liberal share of their trade, accorded us the past year, we take this method of informing it (and the wholesale buyers in particular,) that our

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Is now coming in, and when complete (which will be about the 10th of March,) will be as usual, the largest, best selected, and comprise the greatest variety than that of any House in Western North Carolina.

Our Mr. RINTELS left on the 11th of this month, for the following markets: Baltimore, Philadelphia, Reading, New York, Brooklyn, Lynn and Boston, to make our purchases from first hands, the benefit of which we give our customers.

And as it it is dangerous for small buyers who can sell a limited amount of goods only, to go North, especially for the Summer trade, we respectfully invite them to look at our new Stock, feeling assured that we *can* and *will* make it to their *interest* to buy of us this Spring.

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9—tf

State of North Carolina,

Rutherford County.

SUPERIOR COURT—In Vacation.

C. M. Bizzerstaff, }
vs.
Thos. S. Sweezy, et. al. } Original Attachment.

THOS. SWEEZY, defendant above named, you are hereby notified that in a case brought for damages, by the above named plaintiff against the above named defendant and others for the sum of four thousand dollars, a warrant of attachment has been levied on one hundred acres of land, more or less, lying on Hinton's Creek, joining lands of James Sweezy, et. al., as the property of Thomas Sweezy.

Said attachment is made returnable to the Superior court of Rutherford county, at the court house in Rutherfordton on the 4th Monday in March next, when and where you are notified to appear, plead, answer or demur to plaintiffs complaint, filed in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court for said county, or judgment will be taken *pro confesso* as to you, and the lands condemned and ordered to be sold.

Witness: J. B. Carpenter, clerk of the Superior Court for Rutherford county, at office in Rutherfordton 28th October, 1871.

J. B. CARPENTER, C. C. S. C.

M. Erwin, and Logan & Justice, Atty's for Plaintiff. 12—6w

none of you aid me? Hear my story. My husband is to be beheaded in Pesth at six o'clock this evening. I am on my way to save him. I have the Empress' pardon here. Will you not; O will you not help me?"

For a moment they were all silent, but as a new-comer, rather better dressed than ourselves, joined them, they cried.

"O, here is Fritz. Fritz, let the poor lady take thy horses."

"Not I," said Fritz gruffly. "I've other use for my horses."

The stricken woman heard the words and flew to him.

"Aid me," she cried wildly, "O, aid me. Here is gold. Here are jewels," and she tore the pearls from her hair, her arms, her bosom. "Take them. I give them willingly. Only pity my distress," and her eyes, bedewed with tears, looked appealingly to him.

The man eyed greedily the priceless gifts held out to him, and avarice conquered every other feeling.

"Well," he said, sweeping them into his pocket, "I'll get the horses for you," and walked away.

So after another half hour they started once again, and were whirled onward till four in the afternoon, and then saw by the signs and toll gates that Pesth was still 20 miles distant.

A change of horses at the "Twenty Mile Inn," and then began a fierce struggle between time and death, and death seemed about to win for at half past five there were still eight miles to be gone over.

Renee's tortured brain seemed ready to burst, and her heart almost ceased to beat, as, the nearer they drew to their goal, the nearer came the dreadful hour.

"O, that I may be in time," was her constant prayer.

And now they were in the suburbs.

"Faster, Joseph," she shrieked in agony, as the hands of her watch pointed to five minutes of six.

The man lashad the horses fiercely, and they bounded on with lightening speed clearing all obstacles, disregarding every hindrance.

The Countess looked breathlessly from the window up the long vista of street, and saw where it ran into the public square. She saw, too—oh, horrible sight—the scaffold and the surging masses of people around, and as they came nearer she discerned *his* noble form.

She drew the precious paper from her bosom, and waved it wildly, screaming, "Pardon, Pardon."

Alas! they heard her not.

"O, Joseph, Joseph. Faster. Lash them. I must *not* be too late," and the man goaded the quivering animals to a still quicker pace.

And now she sees the glittering ax raised on high, and the wondering crowd divides to make a passage for the frantic steeds. Again she waves the paper, and again she shouts, "Pardon." Then the executioner's hand is stayed, and she clasps her rescued husband to her breast murmuring, "*Not* too late!" while all the people madly cheer and toss their hats high in air.

O, what a rejoicing was there, and what enthusiastic shouts went up for the woman who had so bravely saved her husband's life, and for her lord, snatched from the jaws of death.

She had striven nobly, and she had won.

After a vigorous examination, it was proven beyond a doubt that the Count Leopold Von Autenrieth was entirely guiltless of the crime with which he had been charged, and that the whole affair was the well-laid scheme of two other noblemen, high in position at court, and jealous of the rising fame of the count.

They were punished as they deserved.

A visit was made to Nazapu, New South Wales, by the British war steamer Rosavio, to investigate the circumstances of the murder of Bishop Paterson. The boats of the steamer were fired upon by the natives, when the ship shelled the village, killing a number of natives; also burning their canoes.

In the case of William Chester Minor, an American Physician, charged with killing a laborer named George Merritt, in Lambeth, England, in February, counsel have entered a plea of insanity and the case has been postponed.

The Nasby Letters.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION AND CONNECTICUT—A MOST PITEOUS APPEAL.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

HARTFORD, CONN., March 23, 1872.

I hev heerd from Noo Hampsheer. We uv the Corners hev all heerd from New Hampsheer and we don't like. Ther wuz weepin and wailin at the Corners at the receet uv the nooze. The boy who brot the paper containin it, from Secessionville, came in weeping perfoosely, and Bascom's mule, which he rid, wore ez mournful expression uv countenance ez I ever saw on a mule. (That mule is uv Dimokratic tendencies like the rest uv us. He never did a stroke uv work in his life when he could help it.) And when I read the nooze to em, in Bascom's, uv the last Ablishn triumph, they all wept. Teers ez large as hazel-nuts chased each other down the venerable face uv that blessed Saint, Deekin Pogram. They plowd ther way thro the dirt-crust, washin each its channel, till they wuz stopped by the resistance uv the accumulations they hed washed afore em. Ez the fountain flowed on the dams would give way, and the outward evidences uv his grief gush in spasmodic streams. Perfoose weepin does the Deekin good, once in a while, ez it partially washes his face. Issaker Gavitt wuz also profoundly affectid, and Col. McPelter and Deekin Pennibacker, both uv whose recollections are mostly military, remarked the Kernel that hedn't felt so bad sence the takin uv Vixburg, and the Deekin that he hedn't experienced sich pangs sence his wife died.

We hed calkelated on Noo Hampsheer, ez the first indicashen uv the revolooshen uv popular feelin agin Grant and Republicanism, and ez we hed every thing in our favor, we wuz certain uv victry. We hed neglected no precaushens to enshoor a Demokratic success. Greeley's *Triboon* hed bin circulated freely thro the State, by our Central Committee, ez a Dimokratic campane document, and the Demokratic members uv Congress franked, I spose, at least four tons uv Shurz's and Trumbull's speeches to the Republicans uv that State. We had expected to be able to say the next mornin after that eleckshun,

"Noo Hampsheer hez spoken!"

"Scathin Rebook uv Grant!"

"The call uv the people for the Democrisy to assoom the reins uv Power!"

So strongly hed I calkelated on a triumph in New Hampsheer and the consekent eleckshun uv a Constitooshnel Dimekrat to the Presidency, that I stedfastly refoozed to go into any bizness, confidently expectin my Post Offis back agin in March uv next year. How I gloated over the pleasure uv kickin that nigger which now desecrates that place, out uv the front door! and how I reveled over the prospeck uv wunst more hevin the letters containin remittances to open and confiscate! I need not say that Bascom wuz as anxious on this head ez I wuz, for I hev become a burden to him.

But all this is done and gone. Noo Hampsheer hez spoke, but her voice isn't the voice uv the turtle dove in the spring. She went back onto us. The *Triboon* wuz read, but the people hed also read sumthin else—Schurz spoke, but Wilson's voice wuz more potenter. Noo Hampsheer is Ablishn, and our overcharged souls find relief at the eyes. We weep.

There is trouble all around. Tammany has busted, Tweed hez come to greef. Fisk is dead, the Erie ring is dead, and it does seem that all the combinashens uv thieves in the country hev succumbed to some mysterious influence which I can't comprehend. Everything which wuz lovely to Dimocrisy; or a part uv it, hez bin smitten ez with the besom of destrueshen. We are afloat on a tempestuous sea, without sails or rudder, and ther don't seem to be but one thing left us.

That one thing is Connecticut Et we kin only carry Connecticut we hev suthin to go into a campane on this fall. We shel then hev a reackshen to wich we can pint; we shal then hev suthin wich will inspire us uv the South to work with enthoosiasm. We kin then git together the scattered Kukluxes—we kin rally the old secessionists who hev bin cowed into silence by perpetooal defeat, and we uv the South will be able to agin reorganize in Noo York, and bring wunst more into the field the elements wich two years ago controlled that State. The repeaters are not dead; Tweed still lives, and I hev'nt heard that Connolly, Sweeney or Hall hev emigrated. All they want is the encouragement uv a reackshun to give them new strength and viger to make head agin our enemies.

Men and brethren uv the suffrin, htgh-spirited whites uv Kentucky, who for the past six years hev bin compelled to either degrade theirselves with actooal labor, or go without three meals a day! I appeal to you in the name uv that blessed saint, Deekin Pogram, who is actooally redoost to the ignominy of getting his likker on tick, and goin half the year without boots, while the niggers wich wunst wuz hizzen (wich now are hizzen ef he hed his rites), are livin in comfortable cabins and go warmly clothed the year round. I appeal to you in the name uv Deekin Pennibacker, who since the strict colleckshun uv the revenoo, by the minyuns uv the unfeelin tyrant Grant, hezn't bin able to run his distillery half the time. I appeal to yoo in behalf uv Issaker Gavitt, whose late father's farm is kivered a foot deep with mortgages, and who is at this moment a leanin on the counter at Bascom's, a wonderin what he will do for the next meal, and wat is uv more importance, the next drink. There is a demoralizashen agoin on wich it is pitiful to think uv. There is no less than four skools bein kept within ten miles uv the Corners, in wich readin and writen are bein taught to the children uv the niggers and northern white men, and ther aint been a skoolmaster shot or tarred and feathered for nigh onto a year, and in addishen to this a railroad is bein talked uv, which, ef it is built, will certainly bring amongst us the laborin populashen uv New England, and all its accussed instooshuns. There is coal in this vicinity and ef it is ever developed the Lord help Kentucky! The old order uv things will ez certainly go out ez it happens.

In Noo York matters are jest ez bad. Since Tammany went up thousands upon thousands uv our best workers, who hed a soft thing uv it, hev bin compelled to go to work or go into open highway robbery. Some uv our leaders are pinin in prison, others are exiled, and the corner grocery keepers mourn ez those without hope. There is more Dimekrats spittin cotton in Noo York to-day than at any time in the history of the city.

The people uv Connecticut hev the power in ther hands to prevent all these horrors, and to them Kentucky holds up her appealin hands. Defeat the administrashen by defeatin Jewell. Give us suthin substanshl to go on. Let us not die a natral death, but galvanize us. We want a Dimekratic President—we want power—we want the offices. We want suthin approximatin to the condishn uv things ten years ago, restored to us. Oh them happy days! There wuz no raleroads, no skools, no meetin-houses, no nothin. There wuz niggers a raisin corn and hogs, and there wuz their owners in the barrooms consumin the produx uv their toil. There wuz horse racin, there wuz draw-poker, there wuz whisky, there wuz mulatto girls, there wuz skool masters to shoot, preachers to tar and feather, there wuz everything that made life pleasant and lively. All this the fell sperit of Ablishun destroyed, and Kentucky, ef it isn't stopped, will become ez near like Ohio as two peas. We don't expect all uv this back agin, but we want to get ez near it ez possible.

Connecticut kin help us—the question is, will she do it? Shel we appeal in vain? Hevin forbid. Promise the people anything they want. If they want suffrage, promise it. Ef they are down on the nigger promise that. Et they are for the payment uv the debt, tar and feather any repoodiator yoo kin get yer claws on. If they want one thing in one seckshun and the reverse in another, promise both: that is if you kin keep the two seckshuns from hearin from each other afore the eleckshun.

Don't be afeerd uv offendin us uv the Corners by anything yoo may do. I hev educated our people to a full understandin ez to the needs uv the hour. We know perfectly well that whatever yoo may say will be said to meet an exigency, afore an eleckshun, and that it won't count afterward. We know that when a Dimekratic President is finally electid, that Dimocrisy, now apparently a dispirited, inconsistent instooshun will wheel into line, and be controlled ez it alluz wuz, by us uv the shivelrous South. Don't mind us, or wat we want, but go it alone, to win. Our fate is in yoor hands, and to yoo we appeal. Hear us in our agony, for without yoo we are gone.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich wuz Postmaster.)

UNCLE GABE'S SHIRT.

The scene opens in a San Francisco Lodging House, where a lot of drovers are preparing for bed, among whom is Uncle Gabe, the genius of the crowd. Gabe's partner for the night draws the attention of the boys, by singing out! Hello Uncle Gabe what makes you wear such a long tailed shirt? well now fellows I've worn long tailed shirts nigh on to 30 years. I lost a gal by wearing a short tail, and if you will keep still I'll tell you 'bout it.

Thirty years ago I was a tolerable young man and lived in Texas, and and in the summer of 1842, some folks moved out there from East Tennessee, old friends of ourn, and they had three likely gals the oldest of which I had a hankering arter back in the old State. Well, they had been out 5 or 6 weeks afore I heard of it, but the Sunday after I determined I would strike out, I bought me a pair of $10 pants an a fancy ready made shirt, of a Jew well when I came to put on the shirt the tail gin out just below my waistband, about 4 inches, well, it was all the clean one I had, and I wern't agoing to back out. It were all of 30 miles to my gals and as I started late I didn't make it till late, and nothing to eat since breakfast I arrived tolerable wolfish. They had just got into a new double log house, and the end they were living in was dobbed and chinked but the other end only had the roof on. The old man helped me put up my Mustang and we went to the house. Well I was kind of bashful and sot down in the Chimney Corner, and right along side of me sot a long handle frying pan, the kind they use on the plains you know, I got a running first one finger then another in the hole in the handle, at last I got my middle finger in and fast, and couldn't get it out, I pulled and sweat, t'want no use, it were there. Just then they asked me to set up to supper, but I said I had eat a late dinner and wern't a bit hungry, but lord I were orful hungry and grub a cooking made me wuss. But while they were at supper I got my finger outen the hole. Well, I talked to my Gal till about 10 o'clock, when she showed me a bed in the unfinished end of the house I turned in tolerably happy and miserably hungr.

The wind blowed in thro' the logs on my head pretty cold, so I took my new Cassimers and stuck in the crack and went to sleep, I was wakened in the morning by hearing the girls getting breakfast, so I thought I would get up, and reached for my pants and they wan't there, I thot they had dropped out the crack, so I riz and looked thro—and, cuss me if some young calves hadn't found 'em and chawed 'em all to pieces. I laid down and softly d—d them calves. Pretty soon one of the girls come to the door and asked me to breakfast, I told her I was sick and couldn't eat, I could have et a briled dorg just then, they et their grub and the gals went to milk. I could look through the crack and see 'em when they got thro' milking, they sot the milk inside the back door of my room at the foot of the bed, to suckle the calves, thinks I now's my chance to get a drink of milk, so out I bounded and gethered a big wooden bucket by each side, and was just lettin it run when the cussed bail dropped back over my head, and I heard the gals coming. I knowed I was fixed, so I stood my ground—open come the door, in pranced all three of them gals, I gazed at them karmly over the edge of the bucket, they didn't pear to see the show until they got purty close, then they gin a little yell and a whist, and I war by myself, I gin the bucket a twist, got it off, kicked it under the bed and crawled back. Putty soon the old man come in and I told him my miserable luck, and the old sinner just laid down and laffed, but he lent me a pair of pants, and they was as much too big as the shirt was two little, I got my mustang, they asked me to call again but I didn't, I went home and eat enough to make me sick a week but I got over it and I lit out for Kalifornia, and I dont go much on Milk, Young Calves, Short Tailed Shirt, or Jew Peddler since.

Lincoln was a rail splitter; Grant was a tanner; Bolivar was a druggist; Mahomet Ali was a barber; Virgil was the son of a potter; Milton was the son of a scavenger; Horace was the son of a shop-keeper; Demosthenes was the son of a cutler; Robert Burns was a plowman in Ayrshire, Shakepeare as the son of a butcher; Cromwell the son of a London brewer; Whitefield was the son of an inkeeper at Gloucester.

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They invigorate the stomach, and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

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Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE, and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed.

For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French, and Spanish.

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